

# CAMILLA.

A N

## OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

QUEEN'S THEATRE in the  
*Hay-Market.*

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L O N D O N:

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To the Right Honourable the  
**LADY WHARTON.**

MADAM,

**T**HE mighty Encouragement *Musick* has lately met with in *England*, is not only an Effect of the true Taste our Nobility and Gentry entertain of that nice Science, but an Instance that we have some among us, who may be able in time to bring it into a settled Reputation.

Hitherto it seem'd confin'd to the more *Southern Climates*, as if it had been the peculiar Product of those happier Countries; and languish'd, like tender *Exoticks*, when remov'd into our *colder Region*: But some late Attempts have made it appear, that the *English* Genius is not so inharmorious, but that a publick Encouragement may render us capable of contending for the Mastery with the *Italians* themselves.

This Consideration made me ambitious of Addressing the following Essay to Your *Ladyship*, which is design'd to introduce a foreign Composition, that may serve at present to give us a Taste of the *Italian* Musick, and in Time prove a Foil to the *English*.

Since it is almost impossible but so publick an Attempt should meet with a powerful Opposition, it will in all Probability miscarry, unless foster'd under Your *Ladyship's* more powerful Protection.



## *The Dedication.*

Wherefore, *Madam*, I am not only presuming to commend my self to Your *Ladyship's* Patronage, but a noble Science that at once wants and deserves it. And as the Design of this Address is new and uncommon, so must the Management of it be too; for being an Advocate to Your *Ladyship* in a Publick Cause, I am to deliver my self accordingly, and instead of petitioning for Your Favour from any Personal Considerations of my own, I am to tell you how much the whole Faculty expects it from Your *Ladyship's* known Judgment, prevailing Interest, unbounded Generosity, and that innate Goodness which entitles the Wretched and Distress'd to Your Pity and Protection. These Qualities being so eminent in Your *Ladyship*, seem design'd by Providence for a Publick Benefit.

I could here indulge my self, *Madam*, in this inexhaustible Theme; but then, like other Dedicators, I should lye under the Imputation of Flattery; tho' with this Difference, that as they usually flatter their Patrons, I should more grossly flatter my self, in presuming upon a Subject so much above my Strength, and which both despises, and surmounts the elevated Expressions of the ablest Panegyrist.

That Reflection makes me tremble, *Madam*, at the Thought of any farther Attempt, and shows me with how much Discretion I ought to use the Liberty of approaching Your *Ladyship* in this manner, and with what profound Respect I must always be,

*Madam,*

*Your Ladyship's most Humble,*

*and most Obedient Servant,*

**Owen Swiney.**



# PROLOGUE.

**W** *Hilst Martial Troops, with more than Martial Rage,  
For Austria these, for Bourbon those engage,  
Cover with Blood th' unhappy Latian Plains,  
Insult their Shepherds, and oppress their Swains,  
Camilla frighten'd from her Native Seat,  
Hither is driv'n to beg a safe Retreat.*

*O! may the exil'd Nymph a Refuge find,  
Such as may ease the Labours of her Mind.  
Hear her, ye Fair, in tuneful Notes complain;  
Pity her Anguish, and remove her Pain.  
To you her Vindication does belong,  
To you the Mourner has address'd her Song:  
Let her your Hearts with just Compassion move,  
By Musick soften'd, and endear'd by Love.  
So may your Warrior Lords successful fight,  
May Honour crown the Day, and Love the Night;  
May Conquest still attend their gen'rous Arms,  
'Till their Swords grow as fatal as your Charms.*

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# EPILOGUE.

Written by Mr. Estcourt. Spoken by Mrs. Oldfeild.

**O** *UR Neighbours lately, with an Ill Design,  
Strove the Contending Play-Houses to Join;  
But, blest'd with greater Charity than they,  
For the Prosperity of Both, we pray.  
Our Prince, not envious of his Rival's Throne,  
Lives like First Monarchs, happy with his own.  
Too kind to wish his Enemies should yield;  
He left 'em free, — New Theatres to Build.  
And see what Fruits from Our Divisions spring,  
Both Houses now Italian Musick Sing.  
The Fair can only tell which pleases best;  
For Ladies always have the nicest Taste.  
But this We know, had that dire Union been,  
You ne'er in England had Camilla seen.*

*They*

*They wou'd some Masque have shewn, or Country Farce ;  
 Paris's Judgment, or the Loves of Mars :  
 But since the Stag's Freedom you Restore,  
 And we no more dread Arbitrary Pow'r,  
 To please this Audience, we'll no Charges spare,  
 But chearfully maintain a vig'rous War.  
 New Funds we'll raise, and heavy Taxes lay,  
 Dancers and Singers (Dear Allies) to pay.  
 Acting shall Shine, and Poetry Revive,  
 And Emulation make our Empire Thrive.  
 In ev'ry Play you see, or Song you hear,  
 Pleasure, and Life, and Freedom shall appear.  
 Our Stage is thus an Emblem of the State,  
 With Mildness Rul'd, by Opposition Great.  
 Abroad we Conquer our insulting Foes,  
 And Universal Monarchy Oppose :  
 Yet feel the Blessings of a Peaceful Reign,  
 And safe at Home, our Liberties Maintain.*

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## The Persons Represented.

### M E N.

<i>Latinus</i> King of <i>Latium</i> , and of the <i>Volscians</i> .	
<i>Prenesto</i> , Son of <i>Latinus</i> .	Mr. Holcomb.
<i>Turnus</i> , or <i>Armidoro</i> , King of the <i>Rutilians</i> .	Mr. Hughs.
<i>Metius</i> , a <i>Volscian</i> Knight, and Captain of <i>La-</i> <i>tinus</i> his Guards.	Mr. Ramondon.
<i>Linco</i> , a Country-Man of <i>Volscia</i> .	Mr. Leveridge.

### W O M E N.

<i>Camilla</i> , suppos'd a Shepherd's Neice, but Queen of the <i>Volscians</i> .	} Mrs Tofts. Mrs Joanna Maria, &c.
<i>Lavinia</i> , Daughter of <i>Latinus</i> .	
<i>Tullia</i> , a Lady of the Court.	Mrs. Lyndsey.

*Guards and Huntsmen.*

# CAMILLA.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a Champian Country with Plains and easie Hills, the End of a Wood on one Side, and Prospect of a City at Distance.*

*Enter Camilla and Linco.*

*Cam.* **T**HESE fruitful Fields,  
These Plains so sweet,  
These Walls, are the fair *Volscian* Seat.  
To view my Loss fresh Torture yields,  
And melts my weeping Eyes.

*Linc. Metabo,* your Royal Father, now at Rest,  
Flew from *Latino's* Arms, by Fate oppress'd:  
The dear Companion of his Flight was you,  
The Wrongs you suffer'd much too young to know.

*Cam.* And my poor Mother!

*Linc.* Nature's boasted Pride,  
The Hour she gave you to the World; she dy'd.

*Cam.* Forlorn *Camilla!* Fate has done its worst:

*I was born of Royal Race,  
Yet must wander in Disgrace;  
All the Pomp that Fortune yields,  
Humble Vallies, Flocks and Fields.*

SCENE II. *A Company of Huntsmen, Prenesto and Metius behind the Scenes.*

*Cam.* Hark! *Linco!* a Voicc.

*Hunts.* See, see, a-cross the Plain,

That



That Stag how swift he bounds?

*Met.* Let slip the Hounds.

*Huntsf.* 'Twill be in vain, the Game's quite out of View,  
They'll not the Track pursue.

*Linc.* They're Huntsmen at the Chace.

*Cam.* O remember, *Linco*, pray!  
So may the Gods still prosper thee,  
Discover not thy self, nor me.

*Linc.* Yes, I remember,  
I'll ne'er the Secret betray.

I've got my Part

Already by heart;

And know what to reply:

You are my Neice, your Uncle I.

*Cam.* That *Dorinda's* my Name.

*Linc.* Well, I know't, I'll take care.

*Cam.* And my Life scarce of late —

*Linc.* You need not repeat.

*Pren.* Help me! oh help me! [*A wild Boar struck by*

*Huntsf.* Let's try to assist him. [ *Prenesto.*

*Linc.* Ye Gods, what Alarm!

*Huntsf.* Quick run to his Aid.

*Enter Prenesto: The Boar pursuing him.*

*Pren.* O Heav'ns! who defends me?

*Cam.* My Arm. [*She throws a Dart, and kills the Boar.*

*Linc.* *Dorinda*, of nothing afraid,  
She's sprightly and gay, a valiant Maid,  
And as bright as the Day.

*Cam.* Take Courage, Hunter, the Savage is dead.

*Pren.* O Nymph of Race Divine!

*That dost all Nymphs outshine;*

*Such Glories fill thy Eyes:*

*My ravish'd Soul surprizing,*

*That Phoebus at his rising*

*Less charming paints the Skies,*

*Cam.* Ha! no, I'm Fortune's Scorn,

A Maid in much Distress,

Tho' now, by chance, I've born

The Praise of this Success.

*Linc.* And know she's *Linco's* Neice.

SCENE

SCENE III. Enter Metius.

*Met.* My Lord, to your Relief  
*Metius* ran swift thro' the Field,  
 But came too late,  
 Because from far I did your Danger view.

*Pren.* See here my broken Spear,  
 I struck the Beast, and part remains  
 Fix'd in his Side;  
 Enrag'd, on me he flew, while I for Succour cry'd;  
 This Goddess of the Plains  
 A lucky Jav'lin threw;  
 She pierc'd the Monster with her Dart,  
 And with her Eyes my Heart;  
 Thus sav'd by her, by her I die.

*Met.* I with Joy your Safety see;  
 Bright Goddess, on thee  
 Heav'n this Fame bestows,  
 To thee his Life *Prenesto* owes,  
 The great *Latinus* Son.

*Cam.* *Latinus* Son.

*Met.* 'Tis he.

*Cam.* What have I done!

[*Aside.*

See, *Linc*, see!

While I entreat the Skies  
 T'avenge my Wrongs, I'm doom'd to save my Enemies.

*Pren.* What says the lovely Charmer!

*Cam.* I said that the propitious Skies  
 Smile on this happy Hour,  
 For from *Latinus* Grace and Pow'r  
 Justice I would implore.

Let me at his Feet make known,  
 The Weight of Woe that sinks me down.

*Linc.* O dear, dissembling Woman!

*Pren.* Come to the Court, your Wish obtain,  
 Mean while remain

Conquerers of a double Prize,  
 Of the living and the slain,  
 One by this Spear, one by your Eyes.

B

Since

## CAMILLA.

*Since you from Death have sav'd me,  
 I'll live for you alone;  
 The Life you freely gave me,  
 That Life's not now my own.*

[Exit.

[To Camilla.

*Met.* Huntress, look not to find  
 Within these Woods alive  
 More of the Savage Kind;  
 They've seen that honour'd Beast  
 A glorious Death receive, and Envy slew the rest.  
 If then you seek more Prize,  
 Throw your useless Spear away:  
 The Light'ning from your Look that flies,  
 More than a thousand Spears can slay.

*Love's Darts are in your Eye,  
 There dwells the smiling Ruin;  
 Your Brows his Bow supply,  
 To shoot us while we're viewing.  
 Who can the Sight refrain?  
 Who bear a Joy so Thrilling?  
 So wond'rous sweet's the Pain,  
 The Pleasure is so killing!*

[Exit.

*Linc.* Camilla, this is Metius, a Volscian Knight,  
 For Valour much renown'd;  
 In Peace he was approv'd, in War he was belov'd,  
 And ever Loyal found.  
 Him have I often heard your Royal Sire commend;  
 He serv'd him as his Prince, and lov'd him as his Friend.  
 Tho' fourteen Years are past  
 Since I beheld him last,  
 Both the Voice and the Mein,  
 Of him I've often seen,  
 Assure me I am right.

*Cam.* My Fears are dying,  
 And my Sorrows all are flying.  
 Fortune hitherto severe

Begins her angry Brow to clear.

Be kind, ye Gods! Assert, assert my Cause,  
 Protect my Innocence, and Defend your Laws,

*Fortune, ever known to vary,  
 Now grown weary,*

Changes



# CAMILLA

*Changes to a Smile her Frown.  
Joys unknown are near attending,  
Never ending,  
Happy Hours move gaily on.* [Exit.]

## SCENE IV. A Chamber in the Royal Palace.

*Enter Lavinia; and after Tullia, and Turnus disguis'd  
like a Blackamoor.*

*Lav. Tender Maids your Pity show,  
Th' envenom'd Dart I feel,  
Yet the Hand that gave the Blow,  
The Eyes that wound me so,  
No Virgin must reveal.*

*Tul. Turnus, or rather Armidoro, the black Slave,  
Waiting without does for Admittance crave.*

*Lav. Let him appear in whom my Thoughts delight,  
Whilst he is here, 'tis Day; when he is gone, 'tis Night.*

*Turn. Lavinia, under this dark Disguise,  
A Soul unspotted, Faith unconquer'd lyes.*

*Lav. That Lustre lyes in Clouds conceal'd by tender Art,  
Which else would blast a Virgin's Eyes, and scorch her Heart.*

*Tul. The Art of Lovers none but Lovers know,  
They make White Black, and Black they turn to Snow.*

*Turn. and } One Day Cupid wantonly*

*Lav. to- } Let a pointed Arrow fly,  
gether. } Made me languish, pine and die.*

## SCENE V. Enter Latinus and the rest.

*Tul. Behold, Latinus!*

*Lat. Daughter!*

*Lav. My Royal Father!*

*Lat. Fame of Beauty, Love of Power,  
Draws from many a distant Shore  
Crouds that do your Charms adore.*

*To such a Prince I wish you join'd,  
Whose faithful Arms with mine combin'd,  
May pull th' imperious Turnus down,  
And seize on the Rutilian Crown.*

*Turn. Turnus thy fruitless Wishes hears,  
Committing to the Wind his Fears.*

[Aside.]

*Lat.*

*Lat.* Do thou make prudent Choice of one,  
Worthy thy Love, and my Renown.

*Lav.* Sir, some small Time for Thought allow,  
E'er that Choice I do avow.

*Turn.* Unconstant Mind!

*Lat.* You nought require  
But what is just; think, and be happy.

[Exit.

*Turn.* Where is thy Faith, *Lavinia*, now?

*Lav.* *Turnus*!

*Turn.* Some Time for Thought allow,  
E'er that Choice I do avow.

Ungrateful!

*Lav.* You wrong your Love, and your *Lavinia*.

*Turn.* Witness this abhorr'd Disguise;

Like *Jove*, I quit my Royal Seat,

For Love my Majesty forget.

The fam'd *Rutilian* King I am no more;

*Turnus* is lost in *Armidore*,

And this is my Reward.

*Lav.* Think, if openly I seem'd to yield,

*Latinus* is my Father, I his Child.

Much is to a Father due,

More I own to Love and you.

*Turn.* *Frail are a Lover's Hopes,*

*And fatal is the Fair;*

*If she smiles, 'tis to destroy,*

*Vain his Hopes are, false the Joy*

*That doth his Heart ensnare.*

[Exit.

#### SCENE VI. *Lavinia and Tullia.*

*Lav.* Are then these frequent Sighs and Tears,  
My Heart that swells with Hopes and Fears,  
Are these the Servants of Deceit?  
Wretched *Lavinia*! cruel Fate!

*Tul.* Madam, your fruitless Tears give over,  
Nor mourn for an unworthy Lover.

*Lav.* Welcome Sorrow, Death attending,  
Welcome Death, my Sorrows ending.

*When our Joys uneasie are,*

*Hope despairing,*

*Joys*

*Joys impairing,  
Life becomes below our Care.  
Welcome Death, my Sorrows ending,  
Welcome Sorrow, Death attending.*

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE VII. *The Palace.*

*Enter Metius, Linc, and Camilla.*

*Met.* Art thou the Swain that did resort,  
In former Times, unto the *Volscian* Court?

*Linc.* Sir, I am.

*Met.* And *Dorinda*——

*Linc.* And *Dorinda*——

*Cam.* What of *Dorinda* thou desir'st to hear,  
Let the poor Shepherdess her self declare.  
Great *Metabo* thou once didst serve.

*Met.* With an approv'd Fidelity.

*Cam.* Should he return th' Imperial Reins to hold.

*Met.* With Joy the People would behold  
Their lawful Lord,

With Joy receive Great *Metabo* restor'd.

*Cam.* Should he be no more.

*Met.* The Royal Exile bury'd on some Foreign Shore,  
I would for ever mourn.

*Cam.* But should *Camilla* once return,  
Might she of thy Faith be sure?

*Met.* To restore her to her own,  
And place her on her Father's Throne,  
All I gladly would endure.

*Cam.* *Metius*, great *Metabo* is dead, but see  
His wretched Daughter still survive in me.

*Met.* Art thou *Camilla*?

*Cam.* Yes, and thy Promise claim.

*Met.* All I'll venture to restore ye,  
*Injur'd Princess*, to your Right:  
If my Sword too weak should prove,  
I swear by Empire, and by Love,  
By those Pow'rs that now smile o'er ye,  
With your pointed Eyes I'll Fight.

All I'll venture, &c.

*Cam.* See the just Gods of Innocence  
Regard, with tender Eyes,

*The*



*The Sorrows I endure.  
 Pow'rs unseen are arm'd to rise,  
 United all in my Defence,  
 They drive Despair far off from hence,  
 And work my Sorrows Cure.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE VIII. *A Palace.*

*Enter Latinus, Prenesto and Lavinia.*

*Lat.* Did then a Shepherdess preserve my Son?

*Pren.* Sir, to a gen'rous Shepherdess my Life I owe.

*Lav.* The Name of thy Protectress tell.

*Pren.* *Dorinda.*

*Lav.* Say, where does *Dorinda* dwell?

*Pren.* Without she waits, and has a Boon to crave,  
 More worthy than the Life she gave.

*Lat.* Let the lov'd Nymph appear.

SCENE IX. *Enter Metius, Camilla and Linco.*

*Met.* Behold her here, to whom we owe  
 Our present Joys, and future Blessings too.

*Lav.* Behold her here, whose bold courageous Hand  
 Did the fatal Stroke withstand.

*Pren.* Behold her here, who, in the fatal Field;  
 Was the forlorn *Prenesto's* Shield.

*Cam.* The Good I did to Chance is due;  
 No Merit can *Dorinda* claim.

Chance did this Desert bestow,  
 That I thus prostrate at your Feet,  
 Might a kind Acceptance meet,  
 And my Request obtain.

*Lat.* Rise, and thy Request explain.

*Cam.* Poor and distress'd tho' now I seem,  
 My Father, near *Sebeto's* Stream,  
 Did sometimes large Possessions claim;  
 'Till an Usurper, arm'd with Pow'r,  
 Arriv'd in an unhappy Hour,  
 Seiz'd on our Flocks, my Father flew,  
 Did me with equal Rage pursue;  
 And now an Exile must I die,  
 If your Assistance you deny.

*Lat.*

*Lat. Metius*, with a chosen Band  
Of *Volscians*, waiting your Command,  
Shall march this Hour to your Relief,  
And punish the injurious Thief.

*Met.* With Joy the Soldier moves to Fight,  
When Beauty gives the Word,

Beauty ever in the right,  
Draws the Bow, and weilds the Sword.

*Lav.* Fair *Dorinda*, happy, happy,  
Happy may'st thou ever be:

*The Stars that smile on happy Days,*  
*May they all now smile on thee.*

[*Exeunt all but Preneſto, Camilla and Linco.*]

## S C E N E X.

*Pren.* *Dorinda*, ah! could you my Heart discover,  
You there would find a soft and tender Lover.

*Cam.* A Prince's Favour surely is Divine,  
Nor should it, like the Sun, on Wretches shine.

*Pren.* A Prince's Love, like second Fate,  
Doth a low Object new create.

*Cam.* But when he makes unequal Choice,  
He stands condemn'd by publick Voice.

## S C E N E XI. *Enter Tullia.*

*Tul.* Fair Nymph, *Lavinia* calls thee.

*Cam.* I am *Lavinia's* Slave.

*Pren.* Stay, fair *Dorinda*;  
What would my Sister have?

*Linc.* to *Tul.* Fair, I love thee.

*Tul.* He is a handsome Swain.

*Pren.* *Dorinda*, for Love of thee I burn, I die!

*Cam.* Such Beauty pleases, tho' in an Enemy. [*Aside.*]

*Linc.* Who art thou?

*Tul.* *Tullia*, a Lady of the Court.

*Linc.* And I *Dorinda's* Uncle.

*Tul.* Thank Heav'n for't.

*Pren.* Charming Fair, for thee I languish!

But bleſs the Hand

That gave the Blow.

With equal Anguiſh

*Each*

## CAMILLA.

*Each Swain despairs,  
And when she appears  
Streams forget to flow.*

*Cam. (Aside)* Wretched Camilla! a double Slave thou art,  
He who expects thy Crown, now claims thy Heart.

*Wretched am I that I gain him,  
And I gladly would disdain him,  
Whom my Eyes have made my Slave:  
But in vain do I endeavour,*

*Fate resisting,  
Love persisting,  
Unconquer'd ever,*

*Me an equal Vassal have.* [Exeunt Pren. and Cam.]

SCENE XII. *Manet Tullia and Linc.*

*Tul.* Pretty is this Neice of thine;  
How doth she to Love incline?

*Linc.* For Love she is too young.

*Tul.* And yet I saw — but hush, my Tongue.

*Linc.* Spare your Reflections; she is right,  
And can't distinguish Black from White.

*Tul.* They are Fools, that can rely  
Upon a formal Cast o'th' Eye.

*Among Women, they for certain  
Know the most, that least discover,  
To the Husband, or the Lover,  
Whom they study to betray.*

*See her to th' Appointment hasting,  
Her Steps precise, her Looks upcasting;  
But could you the Fair disclose behind the Curtain,  
You'd quickly hear her burst out into an Ah!*

*Linc.* Dorinda knows not, on my Life,  
What Husband means, what's meant by Wife.

*Tul.* Small Learning will suffice t'explain,  
To willing Minds, what those Words mean.

*Linc.* The Meaning then is known to you?

*Tul.* The Theory yes, the Practick no.

*Linc.* An untouch'd Virgin you appear.

*Tul.* I dar'd not wed too soon.

*Linc.* What Thoughts of Wedlock now d'you bear?

*Tul.* To wed whilst I am in my Noon. *Linc.*



# CAMILLA.

II

*Linc.* Thy Noon is Night.

*Tul.* A well-built Wight.

*Linc.* A wanton Witch.

*Tul.* A Tongue so sweet.

*Linc.* Yet if she's rich  
I'll languish at her Feet.

*Aged Phillis*

*Wanton still is,*

*Paying now for those dear Pleasures,*

*Which before improv'd her Treasures,*

*When her Youth was in the Bloom.*

*Gold supplies what Age is wasting,*

*Gold has Beauties ever lasting,*

*Gold gives Braw'ry to the Coward,*

*Gives good Humour to the Froward,*

*Gold gives Honour to the Clown.*

*Tul. Linc.*

*Linc.* See how her Chaps water.

*Tul.* I find I please.

*Linc.* And I'll be at her.

Like my Brother Beaux o'th' Town,

I'll Love pretend, where there is none.

For thee I burn, my pretty Dame,

Be complaisant, and quench my Flame:

O how much I long t'enfold thee,

And in *Hymen's* Bands to hold thee.

*Tul.* My House's Honour would miscarry,  
Should I to a Peasant marry.

*Linc.* O Heav'ns!

*Tul.* Indeed I own that I adore him,  
But must not yield yet for *decorum*.

*I languish!*

*Linc.* For whom?

*Tul.* I sorrow!

*Linc.* My Dear.

*Tul.* My Treasure!

*Linc.* I'm here.

*Tul.* I speak not to thee.

*Me would'st thou?*

*Linc.* Thee, thee!

C

*Tul.*

Tul. O help me!

Linc. Here, here!

Tul. Thus pensive I go,

And utter my Woe.

[Exeunt.

SCENE XIII. Enter Turnus and Lavinia.

Turn. Unfaithful, let me go!

Lav. Whither?

Turn. Where

Those false deluding Accents I no more may hear.

Latinus' Menaces too well I heard,

Too well I know what Troops by Metius are prepar'd.

Lav. T'assist Dorinda are those Troops design'd.

Turn. Lavinia with Latinus too was join'd.

Latinus with his numerous Arms,

His Daughter with more pow'rful Charms,

For my Destruction both alike prepare,

And Love more fatal is than War.

Lav. Can't thou forget me?

Turn. No, I find

Love unresisted rules my Mind,

The wonted Greatness of my Soul is gone

Latinus dies, so shall his hated Son.

Lav. And Lavinia—

Turn. O I live in her.

Lav. And yet your warlike Squadrons to prepare  
You go.

Turn. I go.

Lav. And those against Latinus you will lead?

Turn. Yes.

Lav. Latinus is my Father; when he's dead—  
But see him here.

SCENE XIV. Enter Latinus.

Lat. Lavinia, hast thou chosen?

Turn. What do I hear?

Lav. I've chosen one

Worthy your Daughter, and your Throne.

Lat. O name him to me, that I may  
Bless thee, and this auspicious Day.

Lav. You wish'd for Turnus fetter'd to your Throne;  
Turnus is worthy, and must be your Son.

Lat.

*Lat.* Turnus wilt thou wed?

*Turn.* What have I done?

*Lav.* In vain we labour to recede  
From what by Fate has been decreed.

*Lat.* Fate with free Will has blest'd Mankind.

*Lav.* To Love that Freedom I've resign'd.

*Lat.* Let her that dares thus insolent rebel,  
Let her in close Confinement dwell,  
Let none Admittance to her have,  
But *Armidore*, the faithful Slave.  
If thy fond Wishes still to *Turnus* cleave,  
From Death alone expect a late Reprieve. [Exit.

## SCENE XV. *Manent Turnus and Lavinia*

*Turn.* Pardon, *Lavinia*, my too jealous Fears.

*Lav.* Unfaithful sure *Lavinia* still appears.

*Turn.* See, I repent.

*Lav.* Be gone, and leave the Maid  
By whom the Royal *Turnus* is betray'd.

*Turn.* Forbear tormenting thy unhappy Guest,  
By his own Guilt too much oppress'd.

*Lav.* To thee I swear, and to just Heav'n,  
Rather than violate my Faith once giv'n,  
I will unmov'd to Death withstand  
My angry Father's hard Command,  
And when I am dead,  
Let this upon my Urn be read,

*Here lyes Lavinia,  
Who to preserve unmov'd her Faith,  
Chearfully resign'd to Death.*

*Turn.* Ah! never yet was known

*A Nymph so kind and true,*

*So fair and faithful too.*

*Despair no more pursues me.*

*My fancy'd Fears are flown,*

*My Thoughts no Joy refuse me,*

*My Torments adieu.*

A Dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

*End of the First Act.*



## ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Gallery.**Enter Camilla, Tullia and Linc.*

*Tul.* **H**ERE let your Eyes with Pleasure  
Survey this Royal Treasure,  
Which if we may compare,  
The Court can boast of nothing half so rich and fair.

*Linc.* Where-e'er we turn our Eyes  
Fresh Wonders gaily rise.

*Cam.* United Arts in ev'ry Object shine,  
Mortal the Workman is, the Workman's Art Divine.

*Tul.* All these by *Metabo* were once possess'd.

*Cam.* By *Metabo*?

*Tul.* What Passions fill thy Breast? [opprest.

*Cam.* With Wonder and Disdain at once my Heart's

*Tul.* Behold these Royal Statues: These  
The Care of *Metabo*, those of *Latinus* are:

Here *Camilla* lyes in graceful Pride,  
Who on the Day she bore *Camilla* dy'd.

Here *Metabo* her Royal Consort flies,  
*Camilla* in his Arms, and Sorrow in his Eyes.

*Cam.* O miserable King! unhappy Queen!

*Linc.* Your ill-tim'd Sorrow will be seen.

*Cam.* Unhappy Child!

*Linc.* Your Reason is asleep.

*Tul.* Why does *Dorinda* weep? Why flow those Eyes?

*Cam.* Because *Camilla*'s Fate and mine do sympathize.

Again, again past Wrongs I feel,  
The pointed Javelin and the Steel.  
My injur'd Soul will know no Rest,  
Furies will haunt my troubled Breast,  
'Till he dies

A Sacrifice,

By whom our Royal House has been oppress'd.  
Let him die, ye Pow'rs! strike him dead!  
Dart all your Light'ning at his devoted Head.  
Tear him, ye Furies! tear him!  
May the Furies alarm him!

May

May his Conscience disarm him!

But I'm unwise.

O Gods! *Camilla's* Fate and mine do sympathize!

*Linc.* Give your Sorrows over!

*Tul.* *Dorinda*, be at Peace.

*Cam.* How! give my Sorrows over!

A Grief like mine admits of no Release.

*Linc.* These publick Tears for Shame keep in.

*Cam.* *Tullia*; look, behold!

*Tul.* What is there to be seen?

*Cam.* Behold *Camilla's* Shade appears!

See what Disdain her angry Visage wears!

Behold!

*Tul.* I nothing see—

*Cam.* Before thee, see her stand.

*Tul.* Sure she is mad; where should *Camilla* be?

*Cam.* I rave, I rave! or else I sleep: But no,

See there's *Camilla* full of Woe!

Behold *Camilla* near,

*Camilla's* weeping Accent hear.

*Tul.* What doth she say?

*Cam.* *Camilla*, lo I am.

I am *Camilla*, and swear, by all my Woes,

His guilty Days shall know no Rest,

His restless Nights know no Repose:

Day and Night shall near him dwell

Those Horrors all Usurpers feel!

'Till oppress'd by his Grief,

And encumber'd with Care,

Depriv'd of Relief,

He flies to the Grave in Despair.

*Linc.* *Metius* must be hither brought,

To cure those Ills her Grief has wrought.

[Exit.

*Tul.* Do dwell with Madmen sure

None but Madmen can endure.

[Exit.

*Cam.* *Linco*; *Linco* and *Tullia* both are gone!

And *Camilla*, left alone,

Safely may her Thoughts unveil,

The Gods are just, and nothing will reveal.

Sorrow join'd with Sorrow,

Grief

Grief with Grief combin'd,  
 Distract my Breast,  
 Deny me Rest,  
 And raise Convulsions in my Mind.  
 I weep! and I rave!  
 And my Wrongs aloud for Vengeance crave!  
 Revenge! Revenge! I summon!  
 Revenge is all my Care;  
 Revenge! I summon; yet no.

SCENE II. Enter Prenesto.

Pren. Dorinda, hear a faithful Lover.

Cam. What would Prenesto say?

Pren. In vain I fly from Sorrows,  
 That still attend me,  
 In Grief your Youth is wasted,  
 By Grief my Hopes are blasted.  
 Those Tears thus daily flowing,  
 That Breast with Sighs still glowing,  
 Will quickly end me.

Cam. Prenesto! how can I that Joy bestow,  
 Which I my self must never know?

Pren. With your Grief I sympathize,  
 But read Aversion in your Eyes.

Cam. You wrong your own, accusing mine,  
 My tender Thoughts with Pity move.

Pren. And yet ungrateful, you decline  
 To ease my Heart, and crown my Love.

Cam. Upbraid no more, Prenesto,  
 My Virgin Passion;

With you I pine and languish,  
 I feel your Grief and Anguish,  
 But Fate is unrelenting,  
 And Fear is still preventing  
 My Inclination.

[Exit.

SCENE III. Prenesto, Metius and Linco.

Pren. Bright Phæbus Rays, that warm the Skies,  
 Are not so killing as her Eyes:  
 That Heav'nly Grace, and comely Pride,  
 Are not to her low Birth allay'd.

Enter



# CAMILLA

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*Enter Linco and Metius.* SCENE

*Linc.* My Lord, I now perceive she's gone,  
Tho' late I left her here alone.

*Pren.* The Nymph you want this Instant did depart,  
With a distracted Look, and broken Heart.

*Metius*, with speed for her Relief prepare;  
And may Success attend your pious Care.

*Met.* My Lord, the Troops are not yet justly form'd  
With which this Service is to be perform'd,  
But with such Expedition will I move;  
The same Express that tells ye I am gone,  
Shall tell ye that the Work is done.

*Pren.* *To Beauty devoted,  
Expecting, desiring,  
With Passion expiring,  
I serve the blind Boy,  
Yet ever contented,  
So easie the Chain is,  
So pleasing the Pain is,  
I serve him with Joy.* [Exit.

## SCENE IV. *Manent Linco and Metius.*

*Linc.* I hope *Prenesto's* seasonable Love,  
In time will useful to *Camilla* prove.

*Met.* *Linco!*

*Linc.* My Lord.

*Met.* Do thou to fair *Camilla* haste,  
And bid her, e'er an Hour be past,  
To that Part of the City go,  
Where *Amaseno's* Waters flow.

*Linc.* To my Mistress lo I fly,  
And will a Fool, or wise Man be,  
As with the Times shall best agree. [Exit.

*Met.* I love, but dare not  
My Flame discover,  
Lest I displease her.  
When I assure her how much I love her,  
Thus must I suffer  
Without a Cure,  
Nor can I tell her  
What I endure. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Latinus, Turnus and Prenesto.*

*Lat.* Doth she continue still unmov'd?

*Turn.* *Turnus*, she saith, must ever be belov'd.

*Pren.* Unwise *Lavinia*!

*Turn.* Constant Fair!

*Lat.* What doth she talk on? let me know.

*Turn.* In *Turnus*' Praise her Tongue doth daily flow,  
And often when to *Armidore* she speaks

Her Tongue mistakes,

And calls me *Turnus*.

*Lat.* This is the highest Disobedience,  
And Death shall punish the Offence.

*Pren.* Let your Resentments to soft Pity yield.

*Turn.* Remember, Sir, *Lavinia* is your Child.

*Lat.* An impious Justice will I do.  
Here, *Armidoro*.

*Turn.* Ye cruel Gods, what now!

*Pren.* O Father, cruel! and O King, unjust!

*Lat.* Haste to *Lavinia*, and discharge thy Trust.  
Or *Turnus* let her strait forsake,  
Or in this Cup her Passion stake.  
If she prove disobedient to my Will,  
Do thou the proud Imperial Rebel kill.

[Exit.

SCENE VI. *Manet Turnus.*

*Turn.* Kill my *Lavinia*, did *Latinus* say?  
No Tyrant, *Turnus* never will obey.  
I might convey her far from hence;  
To that her Honour will not yield.  
Shall I arm in her Defence,  
And cover with my Troops the Field?  
To Tyrant Rage she'd then be left:  
And when she is of Life bereft,  
My fruitless Vengeance can't restore her.

Now, Cupid, or never,

Be kind and discover

What *Turnus* must do.

When Danger's appearing,

And kind Fortune veering,

Our Thoughts are but slow.

Now, Cupid, or never, &c.

[Exit.  
SCENE

# CAMILLA.

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SCENE VII. Enter Linco in a Gentleman's Dress, follow'd by Tullia.

Linc. Fortune, like a wanton Gipsie,  
Often turns Things upside down,  
When she's grown a little tipsie.

In a Trice, Sir,  
She will give a sudden Rise, Sir,  
To a Justice from a Clown.

The Reason why  
Must ne'er be known.

Enter Tullia.

Tul. Linco, is it thee alone?

Linc. Let Freedom less, and more Respect be shown.

Tul. I find the Proverb verify'd,  
Set a Beggar on Horseback, and he'll ride.

Linc. My Neice Dorinda, you have heard,  
A Gentlewoman is declar'd,  
And 'tis but Reason good that I  
Should State assume accordingly.

Tul. Illustrious Linco, let us now —

Linc. What?

Tul. That I'm not marry'd yet, you know.

Linc. What then?

Tul. I have enough exprest,  
Spare my Shame, and guess the rest.

Linc. I cannot guess, I'm such a Duncce;  
Take Heart, and out with't all at once.

Tul. Then to make plain the Matter, I  
Thy wedded Wife would gladly be.

Linc. Too high for Linco you were late,  
'Tis my turn now, and I take State.  
For I remember —

Tul. What dost thou remember?

Linc. Thus pensive I go,  
And utter my Woe.

Tul. Not so much Cruelty,  
I prithee now, my Linco, I do conjure thee.

I long to be thy Bride.

All Day I long to eye thee,

D

All



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Linco. What then?

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Spare my Shame, and guess the rest.

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Tul. Then to make plain the Matter, I  
Thy wedded Wife would gladly be.

Linco. Too high for Linco you were late,  
'Tis my turn now, and I take State.

For I remember —

Tul. What dost thou remember?

Linco. Thus pensive I go,

And utter my Woe.

Tul. Not so much Cruelty,  
I prithee now, my Linco, I do conjure thee.

I long to be thy Bride.

All Day I long to eye thee,

D

All

*All Night I could lye by thee,  
I do assure thee.*

[Exeunt]

SCENE VIII. *An Apartment of Lavinia, a  
Chair on one Side.*

*Enter Lavinia.*

*Lav. No Love was ever known that mine surmounted,  
No Faith was ever shown, my Faith exceeding.  
Wherefore, of constant Love, I shall b<sup>e</sup> accounted  
The most exalted Proof, in Times succeeding.*

*Thou God of Sleep, beguile  
My Miseries a while,*

*That with fresh Vigour I may bear  
Whate'er the cruel Fates prepare.*

[Sleeps.]

SCENE IX. *Enter Turnus.*

*Turn. See where secure she lyes asleep,  
Whilst Fear and Jealousie at Distance keep,  
From Death's soft Image rise, my Fair,  
And for Death it self prepare.*

*Lav. Who robs me of that golden Rest,  
With which my weary'd Thoughts were blest?*

*Turn. See him, who lives alone in thee,  
Unkindly wakes and summons thee to die.*

*Lav. To die!*

*Turn. Your cruel Father has decreed,  
His Daughter by this Hand must bleed.*

*Lav. Welcome my Death from any Hand would be,  
But doubly welcome, when it comes from thee.  
Strike, and my Father's Will obey.*

*Turn. In wounding thee, I shall my self destroy.*

*Lav. Art thou not Turnus?*

*Turn. Thou know'st I am.*

*Lav. Be like thy self then, truly brave,  
And scorn the Weakness of a Slave.  
Strike deep, and let the Crimson Flood  
My Faith inviolate make good.*

*Turn. Thy precious Life for ever I'll protect,  
And at thy Father's Breast, his Steel direct.*

SCENE



# CAMILLA

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## SCENE X. Enter Latinus.

*Lat.* Desponding Slave! why this Delay?  
Haste, and my just Commands obey.

*Lav.* Dread Sir, *Lavinia* does not beg to live,  
But that your Pardon you would kindly give,  
If your unhappy Daughter Death should chuse,  
Rather than violate her Virgin Vows.

*Lat.* Die then forgotten and abhorr'd.

*Lav.* My Breast is open; strike, my Lord.

*Turn.* I'll perish rather!

*Lat.* Most audacious Slave!  
Dar'st thou an angry Monarch's Fury brave?

*Turn.* I scorn the Task to which I am assign'd;  
I wear a Monarch's Soul and Lover's Mind.

In me see *Turnus*.

*Lat.* Thou Poison to my Eyes!  
*Turnus* art thou, and in a Slave's Disguise?  
My Daughter's Honour thou hast stain'd,  
For which thy Life shall pay.

*Turn.* I swear by Empire, and by Love I swear,  
Her Honour's bright as is the Morning Star.  
Henceforth let Enmity and Discord cease,  
And let *Lavinia* be the Pledge of Peace.

*Lat.* Anger to Friendship does give way,  
Like Night that flies approaching Day.

*Lav.* Joys are attending,  
Those Cares are ending  
That did distress me.  
Love reconciling,  
And Fortune smiling,  
Unite to bless me.

*Turn.* Around her see Cupid flying,  
Behold him wishing, dying;  
Such Graces shine all o'er her,  
Gods might adore her.  
Blind Boy, forbear to woe her,  
Thy Flame admits no Cure!  
To me, in sight of Heav'n,  
Her Faith is giv'n.

D 2

[Exeunt.  
SCENE

SCENE IX. *A Wood.**Enter Metius, Camilla, and the People.*

*Met.* Behold *Camilla*, the great *Volscean* Queen,  
 An Exile long th' unhappy Fair has been,  
 At length she comes in a propitious Hour,  
 To free her Subjects from a lawless Pow'r.

*Cam.* Behold *Camilla*, who was born your Queen:  
 Ye wretched *Volsceans*, with Regret I've seen  
 The Royal Throne by proud Oppression stain'd,  
 Where *Metabo* with so much Mildness reign'd.

For your sakes, not my own, I'm come

To drive th' Usurper far away,

And rule ye with a lawful Sway;

As Children dear ye are to me.

*Met.* *Prenesto* comes!

*People.* Then let him die.

SCENE XII. *Enter Prenesto.*

*Cam.* Forbear.

*Met.* With calmer Thoughts you must proceed.

*Pren.* Yes, let him die; let the Oppressor bleed  
 That wrong'd *Dorinda*. Ye martial Spirits, draw,  
 And let the Will of *Metius* be your Law.

So brave a Gen'ral in a Cause so right,

Ev'n now you triumph e'er you move to fight.

*Met.* Love leads to Battel,

Who dares oppose him?

The Rebel Squadrons his Presence fly;

See how the Heroe

Drives all before him,

Arm'd with Light'ning shot from her Eye.

[*Exeunt Metius and the People.*]

SCENE XIII. *Manent Prenesto and Camilla.*

*Cam.* Hope would my fond Heart ensnare.  
 But Oh!

*Pren.* But what?

*Cam.* My Soul is all Despair;  
 Close in my Bosom let it sleep.

*Pren.*

*Pren.* Thy secret Grief unfold.

*Cam.* Conceal'd my Thoughts I ought to keep.

*Pren.* To me they may be told.

*Cam.* 'Tis Love.

*Pren.* Of whom? Were I the happy Swain!

*Cam.* My Tyrant's Son is Author of my Pain.

*Pren.* Preposterous Passion! I condemn thy Love  
To him, who should thy Indignation move.

*Cam.* Love is Almighty, and controls the Heart:  
Thy Sire my Tyrant, thou my Idol art. [Aside.

SCENE XIV. Enter Linco.

*Linc.* Young Prince, *Latinus* doth your Presence crave:  
In *Armidoro*, the *Morisco* Slave,  
*Turnus* is found, who safe in that Disguise  
Has paid his Vows to Fair *Lavinia's* Eyes.

*Pren.* What's that I hear?

*Cam.* Surprising News!

*Pren.* My Father to attend I go,  
And wish you'd cease to love your Foe.

*Ungrateful you fly me,*

*Unkindly deny me.*

*Tho' Passion so tender*

*Sure never was born.*

*You fly your Pursuer,*

*You court your Undoer,*

*And tamely surrender*

*To one you should scorn.*

[Exit.

SCENE XV. Manent Camilla and Linco.

*Linc.* *Turnus* is the *Rutilian* King,  
To him if you your Grief disclose,  
He might his kind Assistance bring,  
And loving you dethrone your Foes.

*Cam.* Thou know'st his Vows are to *Lavinia* paid.

*Linc.* With you the *Volscian* Kingdom he will get,  
The Charms of Love to Empire may submit.

*Cam.* Love and Ambition strive

*Which shall the Conquest gain;*

*'Tis sweet in Love to thrive,*

*And pleasant 'tis to reign.*

Both



*Both Champions are courageous,  
And equal is the Scale;  
I feel 'em both outrageous,  
Nor know which will prevail.* [Exit.

SCENE XVI. *Manet Linc.*

*Linc.* Love hath a Character not half so bad  
As he deserves, he makes Folks mad.

*Enter Tullia.*

*Tul.* Behold your Vassal low,  
Does to your Footstool bow.

*Linc.* For constant Proof of what I say,  
In her the past Age present see:

A few kind Words, a wanton Smile,  
Shall the amorous Crone beguile.

*Tullia,* forgive all past Offences.

*Tul.* Joy has depriv'd me of my Senses.

*Linc.* Thoughts interposing made my Tongue  
Utter what did not to my Heart belong.

*Tul.* I would not change my present Fate,  
To be first Minister of State.

I do invite thee as my Guest,  
To share in the approaching Feast,  
Which great *Latinus* doth provide,  
For *Turnus* and his Royal Bride.

*Linc.* I will go with thee.

*Tul.* I must know  
On what thou dost contemplate so.

*Linc.* I'm charm'd with thy Court-like Address.

*Tul.* See how he eyes me!

*Linc.* Thy Beauty pleases to Excess:  
It doth surprize me.

*Tullia,* *I feel thy Charms begin to move me;*

*Say, in pity, can you love me?*

*You fill, with balmy Sweets, the ambient Air.*

*O! would a gentle Smile but once relieve me,*

*No Passion would with mine compare;*

*You'd yield to Love, and Love would ne'er deceive ye.*

*Tul.* I thought, when first he seem'd so nice,  
He would in time reward my Pain.

*In*

In Love-Affairs I'm still so wise,  
 That first, or last, I'm sure to gain.  
 Something is in my Face so alluring,  
 Such Graces procuring,  
 That no Beauty more is,  
 Young Men, and Old, alike do desire me;  
 Alike they do Fire me,  
 With passionate Stories.  
 They Sing, and they Caper, they Dress, and look Fine:  
 In hopes that Fair Tullia will one Day incline:  
 But Fair One, endeavour  
 To live honest ever,  
 Whate'er they design. [Exit.

SCENE XVII. Enter Turnus and Camilla,  
 and after Lavinia.

Turn. When Love to Constancy is join'd,  
 What unknown Raptures fill the Mind!

Cam. Great Sir!

Turn. Come near.

Cam. Your Slave vouchsafe to hear.

Turn. Turnus was never deaf to a Virgin's Pray'r.

Cam. I am th' Unhappy Shepherdess.

Turn. I've lately heard of thy Distress.

Thy Valour too I've heard proclaim'd;

Whilst this my Wonder, that my Pity claim'd.

How gracefully she moves!

Cam. I owe to Thee.

The Gods reject not a poor Suppliant's Knee

And the Sun-Beams with equal Lustre shine,

As well upon the Thistle as the Vine.

Turn. She of no Mortal Race appears,

A Heav'nly Form her Visage wears.

Nymph, I adore ye!

[Enter Lavinia.

Lav. Ungrateful!

Turn. Such Heav'nly Beauty

Lav. Turnus! Dorinda!

Turn. I am Lavinia's Slave.

Cam. What would the Princess have?

Lav. Nymph, I adore ye!

Turn.

*Turn. Lavinia!*

*Lav. Such Heav'nly Beauty!*

*Turn. Your jealous Fears remove.*

*Lav. With such a Grace y'are pleas'd to see her move.*

*Cam. Live in each other, happy Pair,*

*None so True, and none so Fair.*

*Lav. Ungrateful Turnus!*

*Turn. You wrong my Love.*

*Lav. Were she but Noble, as she's Fair,*

*I know for her you wou'd declare.*

*Cam. 'Tis far beneath your Dignity,*

*Thus to insult o'er Misery.*

*Lav. Dorinda, leave me, may'st thou be*

*Happy in any, but in him.*

*Cam. I fly;*

*Yet I'm a Queen, as well as she.*

[Exit.

*Lav. Fly, fly, and follow your Idol Beauty,*

*That flies before ye.*

*I find no Ease in*

*The Life you gave me:*

*Death is more pleasing,*

*Why did you save me?*

*But yet remember,*

*I did adore ye.*

[Exit.

*Fly, fly, &c.*

*Turn. Her jealous Fears at once perplex and please,*

*For Jealousie's a sign of fervent Love,*

*Yet gladly would I give her Passion Ease,*

*And her ill-grounded Jealousie remove.*

*O Tyrannous Jealousie!*

*Fly far away, no more molest,*

*Fly from my Fair Lavinia's Breast.*

*Resign to Love and Jay,*

*Aspiring,*

*And fatal Fends desiring,*

*A tender Lover's Passion,*

*A Virgin's Inclination,*

*Then labour'st to destroy.*

*End of the Second Act.*

*A Dance*

ACT.



# CAMILLA

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Noble Apartment, without a Throne.*

*Latinus, Turnus, and Prenesto.*

*Lat.* **T**URNUS, I rather chuse to enjoy in thee  
A living Friend, than kill an Enemy.

*Turn.* With equal Care did I the Blow decline,  
My Life was in your Pow'r, and yours in mine.

*Pren.* All this perhaps by Fate is wrought,  
Something mighty to promote.

*Lat.* Then here in lasting Friendship let us join,  
My Safety be your Care, and yours be mine.  
But this I do demand, that you  
With unextinguish'd Rage pursue  
The Blood of *Metabo*, if any yet  
Survive new Troubles to create.

*Turn.* To that I swear.

*Lat.* We swear it both,  
And Heav'n be Witnesses of the Oath.  
But as for thee, *Prenesto*, do thou ever  
Preserve with equal Pledge, within thy Soul,  
The Love of Peace, and Jealousie of Rule. *[Exit.]*

*Turn.* The Stars propitious on my Fortune shine.  
And fair *Lavinia* will be ever mine.

*Pren.* Thou may'st with Joy the Nuptial Rites pre-  
Whilst equal to thy Greatness is the Fair. *[Pare,*  
The Nymph I love, I never must possess;  
Honour forbids that I so low should wed,  
Or she submit to an unlawful Bed.

*Hopeless I love, and ne'er must enjoy her,*

*Turn.* Happy I love, and haste to enjoy her.

*Pren.* To *Prenesto* she will never yield.

*Turn.* To my Wishes she will ready yield.

*Pren.* Hopes declining,

*Turn.* — Joys assuring,

*Pren.* Avoid me.

*Turn.* Invite me.

*Pren.* O the Torments that poor *Lovers* feel!

*Turn.* O the Pleasures that blest *Lovers* feel!

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SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter Lavinia and Tullia.*

*Tul.* Fear not, *Dorinda* I'll observe with Care,  
And *Turnus* follow with a watchful Eye:  
If ought shou'd pass between 'em that's unfair,  
You strait shall learn it from your faithful Spy.

*Lav.* Unfaithful *Turnus*!

Fly, ye Virgins, fly th' unfaithful Lover:

False his Tears are, and fatal his Wiles.

Man by Nature a Tyrant, a Rover,

Gaily triumphs whene'er he beguiles.

She most wife is,

That despises

Their feign'd Praises, and deluding Smiles. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *Tullia manet. Enter Linc.*

*Linc.* *Tullia*, thou art the Idol of my Love,  
And Heav'n my Passion seems to approve.

*Tul.* I'll try some Secret to obtain. *[Aside.]*

Has the Nymph found her Reason again?

*Linc.* That Lunacy was momentary,  
She's seldom us'd to a Vagary.

*Tul.* Perhaps to *Turnus* then e'er this she has bow'd:  
*Turnus* has talk'd of Love, and she has vow'd.

*Linc.* Of this I nothing know.

*Tul.* Has she not seen him? Say.

*Linc.* Of that I nothing know.

*Tul.* He'll nought betray. *[Aside.]*

As thou art a Man of Sense,

Excuse a Maid's Impertinence.

Woman does oft employ her Tongue,

In what does not to her belong.

But to our own Affairs let us return.

And tell how much we love, how much we burn.

*Linc.* For thee what does my Soul endure!

*Tul.* I know y'are wounded past a Cure.

These Eyes are made so killing,

That all who look must die.

To Art I'm nothing owing:

From Art I nothing want:

These Graces genuin flowing,

Despise

*Despise the help of Paint.  
'Tis Musick but to hear me;  
'Tis fatal to come near me,  
And Death is in my Eye.*

*Linc. In short, to cut off farther Speeches,  
Thy Tongue's more Charming than a Witch.*

*Tul. Thou art he, my dearest Creature!*

*Linc. Thou art she, my dearest Creature!*

*Tul. Linc. For whose sake I'd live and die.*

*Linc. Cruel Love for thee does wound me.*

*Tul. I perceive it.*

*Linc. I believe it.*

*Tul. And to me it is no wonder:*

*For like Thunder,*

*Bright Charms fly round me.*

*Linc. O my Anguish!*

*Tul. How I languish!*

*Pretty Creature!*

*Linc. Hideous Feature!*

*Tul. For thy sake, I pine and die.*

*For thy sake —*

[Aside.

[Exeunt.

SCENE IV. Enter Prenesto, follow'd by Camilla.

*Pren. Cupid, O! at length reward me,  
Or thy Cruelty give over.*

*Since I'm sworn a Slave to Beauty,  
Since I'm constant in my Duty,  
Let the vanquish'd Nymph regard me,  
Let her crown her faithful Lover.*

*Cam. Fortune, O! at length reward me,  
And thy cruel Frowns give over.*

*Pren. For Trifles why shou'd you lament,  
You that are born to Misery?*

*Cam. Perhaps the King will now relent,  
And his promis'd Aid deny.*

*Pren. Wou'd I cou'd be as sure of you,  
As that the King will to his Word be true.*

*Cam. Let it suffice, that all I know  
Of Love, I do on you bestow.*

*Pren. Yes, yes, 'tis all I want,  
Nor wou'd I better thrive:*

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*A Heart for Heart is all  
A Lover can gain.  
A Happiness I feel,  
No Mortal can reveal.  
If all you have you give,  
I ne'er must complain.*

SCENE V. *Manet Camilla. Enter Turnus  
and Tullia.*

*Cam.* Awake, Camilla, from this Lethargy.  
What has Love to do with thee?  
Love conspiring with thy Foes,  
Does thy Thirst of Pow'r oppose,  
And yet *Preneſto* governs here!  
Vain Maid, *Preneſto* never can be thine,  
To wed *Dorinda* he'll decline,  
And I unlawful Flames disdain,  
Shou'd I who I am discover,  
And that way hope to gain my Lover,  
Then my Life I shou'd expole,  
And Death wou'd crown my Nuptial Vows.  
Awake, awake, my Heart, and know that I,  
Rather than live for Love, wou'd for Ambition die,  
My Heart to act is zealous;  
But Fear restrains my Hands. *[Enter Turnus.*

*Turn.* My Lovely Charmer jealous,  
My Wishes still withstands.

*Cam.* Turnus is there.  
Once again I'll try my Fate.

*Turn.* My Lovely Charmer jealous,  
My Wishes still withstands.

*Cam.* And I the curst Occasion  
Of her unjust Suspicion.

*Tul.* Together have I found 'em,  
And may the Gods confound 'em.

*Turn.* My Heart with Grief is blasted.  
*Cam.* The Sorrow I have tasted

All Sorrows is exceeding.

*Tul.* A hopeful Traitor!

*Turn.* *Cam.* My Soul in Death lies bleeding.

*Tul.*

*Tul.* O that I cou'd come at her!  
But Vengeance is at hand. [molest;

*Cam.* The Cares are light, that do thy Thoughts  
But heaviest Sorrows rage within my Breast.

*Turn.* No common Grief I do endure.

*Cam.* Your Grief admits a ready Cure;  
If *Lavinia* scorns to love ye,  
Queens with Royal Charms may move ye.

*Tul.* Perfidious Wretch!

*Turn.* No other Charms my Heart can fire,  
In which *Lavinia* reigns entire.  
But shou'd *Lavinia* once incline  
To another Flame, she never wou'd be mine.

*Cam.* Then cease thee, *Turnus*, to perplex,  
And vindicate the Honour of thy Sex.  
Suppose *Camilla* still shou'd live,  
To whom the *Volscean* Realms are due.

*Turn.* And if *Camilla* shou'd survive;

*Cam.* Then she by *Hymen* join'd to you,

*Tul.* Wholesome Advice!

*Cam.* By you restor'd in happy Hour,  
May bring these Kingdoms as her Dow'r.

*Tul.* For this *Dorinda*, if I live,  
Thanks from the Princess shall receive. [Exit.

*Turn.* To King *Latinus* I have giv'n  
My Faith, in Sight of conscious Heav'n,  
That *Metabo's* devoted Blood  
Shall be with Hostile Rage pursu'd.

*Cam.* What I propose, I don't advise.

*Turn.* Nor wou'd I from the fair *Lavinia* change,  
Tho' through the World I might a Monarch range.

*The Floods shall quit the Ocean,*

*The Stars their nightly Duty.*

*When I forsake the Beauty,*

*That does my Heart command.*

*The Sun shall lose his Motion;*

*No Sand the Shore shall cover,*

*When I forget to love her,*

*Whose Charms I can't withstand. [Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Manet Camilla.*

*Cam.* What hast thou said, unwary Maid?  
 Thou by thy self art now betray'd.  
*Dangers ev'ry way surround me,  
 Torments fresh begin to wound me,  
 Fate my Wishes flying.  
 If Joy smiles a while around me,  
 Like Flow'rs blasted,  
 Soon 'tis wasted,  
 And lyes a Dying.* [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Lavinia and Latinus.*

*Lav.* She said that Queens were ready with their Charms  
 To crown his Love, and fill his Arms.

She said, *Camilla* still did live,  
 And cou'd to him the *Volscian* Kingdom give.

*Lat.* To a deep Dungeon let her be confin'd,  
 Her Hands and Feet let sharpest Irons bind.

*Be cruel and be jealous,  
 If safely you wou'd Rule,  
 The Active, and the Zealous,  
 Condemn the easie Fool.* [Exit,

*Lav.* Turnus is false, and I'm undone,  
*Dorinda* has the Conquest won,  
*Dorinda* spoke, and he obey'd,  
 Turnus is false, and I'm betray'd.

*Anger's for War declaring;  
 Love wou'd some Pity show;  
 My Soul is not so daring,  
 But answers No, no, no.  
 What Hope can now relieve me;  
 Abandon'd, and despairing;  
 What Hand from Death reprieve me,  
 Since Turnus gave the Blow?* [Exit.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter Metius on one side, and Linco on the other, and after Prenesto.*

*Linc.* My Lord, what Pow'r can now our Fate withstand?  
*Camilla* lyes confin'd by the King's harsh Command.



*Met.* Confin'd! for what?

*Linc.* I cannot learn, but fear  
Our close Designs have reach'd his jealous Ear.

*Met.* Too true I fear thou hast the Cause assign'd.

*Linc.* We are all undone!

*Met.* Can we no Prospect find  
Of sudden Hope?

*Linc.* Ev'n now methinks I feel the Rope.

*Met.* Then Death is welcome.

*Enter Preneſto.*

*Pren.* Metius! Linco!

*Met.* I ſtand prepar'd to bleed.

*Linc.* And Linco is already dead.

*Met.* Preneſto's here, what muſt we ſay?

*Linc.* Fear has ta'en my Tongue away.  
Pardon my Lord, and if *Camilla*—

*Pren.* I all have heard,  
And ſure *Dorinda* highly err'd.  
Yet though *Lavinia* does inſpire  
With black Revenge my angry Sire,  
My Heart does to Forgiveness bow,  
And would prevent the fatal Blow.

*Met.* Hopes revive!

*Linc.* I'm ſtill alive!

*Pren.* With thy choſen Bands do thou  
To the Priſon with me go.

*Linc.* I with Conduct, void of Fear,  
Will follow, and bring up the Rear.

*Pren.* 'Twixt her and Death I'll interpoſe,  
And ſave her from her bloody Foes. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IX. *Manent Metius and Linco.*

*Met.* Fate begins to ſmile again,  
And all our former Fears were vain.

*Linc.* So may they prove.

*Met.* From a Priſon to a Throne,  
*Camilla* will I quickly raiſe;  
The honeſt Soldier is our own,  
And readily my Will obeys.

*The*

The most abandon'd have some lucky Hours;  
And who can tell but this is ours?

*Linc.* Fortune too hasty does appear,  
So sudden a Reverse I fear.

*Met.* Though fierce the Lightning flies,  
Some Joy it brings our Eyes,  
In Darkness straying.

The Rays our Feet directing,  
From Precipice protecting,  
A Glimpse of Life procure us,  
From Death a while secure us,  
Destruction staying. *[Exit Metius.]*

### SCENE X. *Manet Linc.*

*Linc.* The Court for certain's the best School,  
To make a States-Man of a Fool.  
Since I came hither I've learnt more  
Than I knew all my Life before.  
Linc's grown another Creature;  
See this Look, behold this Feature,  
Show me such a Transformation.  
Wanton Lasses, with smooth Faces,  
Brown or Yellow, Ruddy, Sallow,  
With an Ogle thus I warm ye;  
With a Motion thus I charm ye;  
Let this learned Wig speak for me;  
Let this Shape and Air inform ye,  
I'm Sir Courtly of the Nation. *[Exit.]*

### SCENE XI. *Enter Lavinia and Turnus.*

*Lav.* You've both beyond Forgiveness err'd;  
*Dorinda* spoke, and *Turnus* heard.

*Turn.* Firm to my Vows I still abide.

*Lav.* Go, let *Camilla* be your Bride.

*Turn.* Banish that Anger from your Eyes,  
And cease your Vassal to despise.

*Lav.* Haste, and new Realms acquire; but know,  
That Royal Nuptials wait us too.

*Turn.* Cease, Cruel, Tyrannizing,  
Give your Resentments over;

*Unless*

*Unless, my Vows despising,  
You kill your Lover.  
Ah! you kill your Lover!  
You are my Soul's Ambition;  
I have no Wish above ye.  
Unjust is your Suspicion;  
I constant Love ye.*

*Lav.* These Pangs of Love I can no longer bear,  
My Cruelty was feign'd, my Love sincere.  
*Turnus!*

*Turn.* Lavinia!

*Lav.* Cease, Cruel, to deceive me,  
Give, give your Falshood over;  
Lest when unkind you leave me,  
You kill your Lover!

*Ah! you kill your Lover!  
Let me be your Ambition,  
And taste no Bliss above me.  
Blest will be my Condition  
If you can love me.*

*Both.* Cease, cruel, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII.

*A Prison. Enter Camilla; and after Prenesto, Metius,  
and Linco, and People.*

*Cam.* Fate, the more it does depress me,  
Makes me stronger in enduring;  
Fortune never shall oppress me,  
Death has Charms all Sorrows curing.

*Enter Prenesto, Metius, Linco, &c.*

*Pren.* Dorinda, cease thee to complain;  
Thus I break th' unworthy Chain.

*Cam.* Much I owe for this Release.

*Pren.* Fly hence, Dorinda, and let these  
Conduct thee to some other Clime,  
Where safe thou may'st forgive my Father's Crime.  
Love does a dangerous Task impose,  
Giving thee Life, I do my own expose.

*Met.* Say, Madam, am I understood?

*Cam.* Is your Assurance firm and good?

F

*Met.*



*Met.* As firm as Fate.

*Cam.* All these, you say, (*To Pren.*)  
Are arm'd in my Defence, and must my Will obey?

*Pren.* They are your Slaves.

*Cam.* Let me this Proof of your Obedience find:  
Disarm the Prince, and see him close Confin'd.

*Pren.* From whence this Boldness, treacherous Maid?

*Met.* Submit thy self.

*Pren.* I am betray'd.

*Linc.* In vain with a defenceless Hand,  
You strive our Numbers to withstand.

*Cam.* My Arts successfully have thriv'n,  
Sure Token of indulgent Heav'n.  
My People call me to the Throne,  
From whence they drag *Latinus* down:  
For know, *Prenesto*, I'm a Queen, in me  
No more *Dorinda*, but *Camilla* see. [*Exeunt all but Pren.*]

### SCENE XIII.

*Pren.* *Camilla*! *Metius* is a treacherous Slave!  
Curse on these Fetters! O! how I cou'd ravel  
The Furies rage within my troubled Breast;  
I am with all the Plagues of Hell possess'd.

*Lavinia*! *Father*! *Metius*! *Camilla*!

*Let the Lightning,*  
*Flashing, Flying,*  
*Dreadful Thunder,*  
*Fates defying,*  
*Rend the guilty World asunder.*

*But Camilla,*

*O forbear her!*

*Let th' Avenger*

*Of Justice spare her.*

*Let Alecto never find her.*

*Love enrag'd to Prenesto has resign'd her.* [*Exit.*]

### SCENE XIV. A Hall of Entertainment.

*Enter Latinus, Turnus, Lavinia, Attendants, &c.*

*Begins with a Dance.*

*Lat.* *Lavinia* here from me receive.

*Turn.*

*Turn.* Matchless is the Fair you give.

*Lav.* Hail happy Hour, I now am blest'd.

*Turn.* Lavinia, *Hand and Heart I here present thee.*

*Enter Tullia.*

*Tul.* To Arms, to Arms! *Rebellious Crouds:*  
Haste to the Palace.

*Lat.* Whence this Noise?

*Tul.* The People, with a general Voice,  
Cry, Live *Camilla!* and they cry,  
Guilty *Latinus*, let him die.

*Lat.* *Camilla!* and alive!

*Lav.* O fatal Change!

*Turn.* I will in thy Defence advance.

*Lat.* Old tho' I am, yet still I know  
To wield the Sword, and bend the Bow.

## SCENE the Last.

*Camilla and her Party Enter, and after some Resistance*  
*Disarm Latinus and the rest, whilst a Trumpet-Sonata*  
*Plays, at the Triple of which, Enter Camilla.*

*Tul.* Mercy! to a tender Maid!

*Cam.* Haste, *Linco.*

And hither see the Prince convey'd;  
Chain'd like a Pris'ner let him come,  
And here attend from me his Doom.

*Lat.* My Son in Chains!

*Turn.* Relentless Fate!

*Cam.* To Tyrants and Usurpers too,  
Severest Vengeance sure is due.

*Preneſto is brought in.*

*Lat.* My Son!

*Lav.* My dearest Brother!

*Pren.* *Lavinia!* Father!

*Turn.* *Preneſto!*

*Pren.* *Turnus!*

*Cam.* No more!

Your ineffectual Tears give o'er,  
*Preneſto* first by this shall bleed,  
And when in thy *Lavinia's* Blood 'tis dy'd,  
Thine shall swell the Purple Tide.

*Tul.* O Bloody!

*Turnus*

*Turn.* Cruel Fiend of Hell!

*Lav.* A Weight upon my Heart I feel!

*Lat.* A deadly Cold has mine possess'd.

*Cam.* Die then, *Prenesto*.

*Pren.* Strike!

*Cam.* But on this Breast.

*Pren.* Ye Heav'nly Powers!

*Cam.* Love has prevail'd, and Anger is no more.

*Lat.* O Heav'n!

*Turn.* O Love!

*Lav.* O Fate!

*Cam.* To skreen thee from the Peoples Hate,  
Their fatal Malice to prevent,

I doom'd thee to Imprisonment.

I acted an ungrateful Part,

But Love contriv'd the pious Cheat:

Henceforth be Sov'rain of my Heart,

And rule it in an Husband's Right.

*Pren.* A Joy so sudden, I can scarce believe.

*Cam.* *Metius*, a just Reward thou shalt receive,  
For thy great Service. Fair *Lavinia*, now,  
Be you in *Turnus* happy, he in you.

*Turn.* The Gods are just.

*Cam.* And Sir, do you

[*To Latinus*,

Learn what to Justice, and to Merit's due.

Revenge was in my Power. Do you forget

To prosecute our House with Hostile Hate.

*Lat.* Hate is driven out of the Field,

And Anger does to Freindship yield.

*Cam.* Let Peace and Love possess each Heart.

*Tul.* Thou art my *Cupid*.

*Linc.* Thou my *Psyche* art.

*Pren.* Care is fled; *Despair's* no more.

*Turn.* Give, my Heart, thy Sorrows o're.

*Pren.* } Love has smil'd; } and I'm rewarded.

*Turn.* } my Vows regarded.

*CNOR.* Happy, happy is the Swain,

Who loves, and has not lov'd in vain. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

F I N I S.